

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. III.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

VER-VERT;

OR, THE PARROT OF THE NUNS.

“What words have passed thy lips?”—MILTON

[This story is the subject of one of the most agreeable poems in the French language, and has the additional piquancy of having been handled by the author when he was a Jesuit. The delicate moral insinuated against the waste of time in nunneries, and the perversion of good and useful feeling into trifling channels, promised to have an effect (and very likely has had) which startled some scrupulous persons. Our author did not remain a Jesuit long; but he was allowed to retire from his order without scandal. He was a man of so much integrity, as well as wit, that his brethren regretted his loss, as much as the world were pleased with acquiring him.]

At Nevers, in the convent of the Visitandines, lived, not long ago, a famous parrot. His talents and generous heart, nay, even the virtues he possessed, besides his more earthly graces, would have made his whole life happy as a part of it, if happiness were made for hearts like his. Ver-Vert (for such was his name) was brought early from his native climate, and while yet in his tender years, and ignorant of every thing, was shut up in this convent for his good. He was a handsome creature, brilliant, spruce, and full of spirits, with all the candour and amiableness natural to his time of life; tender and lively, but nevertheless as innocent as could be: in short, a bird worthy of such a blessed cage. His very prattle showed him born for a convent. When we say that nuns undertake to look after a thing, we say all. No need to enter into the delicacy of their attentions. Nothing could rival the affection which was borne our hero by every mother in the convent, except the confessor; and even with respect to him, a sincere MS. has left it in record, that in more than one

heart the bird had the advantage of the holy father. He partook, at all events, of all the pretty sops and syrups with which the dear Father in God (thanks to the kindness of these sugared nuns) consoled his reverend stomach. Nuns have leisure: they have also loving hearts: Ver-Vert was a lawful object of attachment, and he became the soul of the place. All the house loved him, except a few old nuns, whom time and the toothache rendered jealous surveyors of the young ones. Not having arrived at years of discretion, too much judgment was not expected of him. He said and did what he pleased, and every thing was found charming. He lightened the labours of the good sisters, pulling their veils, and pecking their stomachers. No party could be pleasant if he was not there to shine and to sidle about; to flutter and to whistle, and to play the nightingale. Sport he did, that is certain; and yet he had all the modesty, all the prudent daring and humility in the midst of his pretensions, which become a novice, even in sporting. Twenty tongues were incessantly asking him questions, and he replied with justice to every one. Thus it was, of old, that Caesar dictated to four persons at once in different styles.

Our favourite was admitted every where about the house. He preferred dining in the refectory, where he eat as he pleased. In the intervals of the table, being of an indefatigable stomach, he amused his gums with whole pocket-loads of sweetmeats, which the nuns always kept for him. Delicate attentions, ingenious and preventing cares, were born, they say, among the Visitandines. The happy Ver-Vert had reason to think so. He had a better place of it than a parrot at court; and lay lapped up, as it were, in the very glove of contentment. At night he slept in whatever cell he chose; and happy, too happy, was the blessed mother, whose retreat at the return of nightfall it pleased him to honour with his presence. He seldom lodged with the old ones. The neat novices, with their simple alcoves, were more to his taste; which, you must observe, had always a peculiar turn for propriety. He used to take his station on the agnus-box, and remain there till the star of

Venus rose in the morning. He had then the pleasure of witnessing the toilet of the fresh little nun; for between ourselves (and I say it in a whisper) nuns have toilets. I have read somewhere, that they even like good ones. Plain veils require well setting, as well as lace and diamonds. Farthermore, they have their fashions and modes. There is an art, a gusto in these things, out in the world; and so there is wherever they come. Sack-cloth itself may sit well. Huckaback may have an air. The swarm of the little Loves, who meddle every where, and know how to whisk through grates and turning-boxes, take a pleasure in giving a profane turn to a bandeau—a piquancy to a nun's tucker. In short, before one goes to the parlour, it is as well to give a glance or two at the looking-glass. But let that rest. I say all in confidence: and now to return to our hero.

In this happy indolence Ver-Vert passed his time, without trouble, without ennui—lord, undisputed, of all hearts. For him sister Agatha forgot her sparrows: four canary-birds died out of pure rage; and two tom-cats, once in favour, took to their cushions, and never afterwards held up their heads. Who would have foreboded, amidst a life so charming, that his morals were taken care of, only to be ruined; that a day should come, a day full of crime and astonishment, when Ver-Vert, the idol of so many hearts, would be nothing but an object of mingled pity and horror? Let us delay our tears as long as possible, for come they must:—sad fruit of the over-tender regard of our dear sisters!

You may guess, that in a school like this, a bird of our hero's parts of speech could want nothing of perfection. Like a nun, he never ceased talking, except at meals. It is true, he always spoke like a book, and in a style pickled and preserved in the very unction of good behaviour. He was none of your flashy parrots puffed up with the airs in mode, and learned only in vanities. Ver-Vert was a devout fowl; a beautiful soul, led by the hand of innocence. He had no notion of evil, nor uttered an immodest word: but to be even with you, he was deep in canticles, *Oremuses*, and mystical colloquies. His *Pax vobiscum* was edifying. His *Hail sister* was not to be lightly thought of. He knew even a little soliloquy and some of the delicatest touches out of Marie Alacoque. Doubtless, he had all the helps to edification. There were many learned sisters in the convent, who knew by heart, every bit, all the Christmas carols, ancient and modern. Formed under their auspices, he soon equalled his instructors. He even expressed their very tone, giving it all the pious lengthiness, the holy sighs, and languishing

cadences of the singing of the dear sisters, groaning little doves.

The renown of merit like this was not to be confined to a cloister. In all Nevers, from morning till night, nothing was talked of but the darling scenes exhibited by the parrot of the blessed nuns. People came as far as from Moulins to see him. Ver-Vert never budged out of the parlour. Sister Melanie, in her best stomacher, held him, and made the spectators remark his colours, his charms, his infantine sweetness. His happy air sat at the receipt of victory. But even these attractions were forgotten when he spoke. Polished, rounded, brimful of the holy gentilities which the younger aspirants had taught him, our illustrious bird commenced his recitation. Every instant a new charm developed itself; and what was remarkable, nobody fell asleep. They listened, they hummed, they applauded. He, nevertheless, trained to perfection, and convinced of the nothingness of glory, always withdrew into the recesses of his heart, and triumphed with modesty. Closing his beak, and dropping into a low tone of voice, he bowed himself with sanctity, and so left his world edified. He uttered nothing under a gentility or a dulcitude; with the exception of a few words of scandal or so, which crept from the convent-grate into the parlour.

Thus lived, in this delectable nest, like a master, a saint, and a true sage as he was, Father Ver-Vert, dear to more than one Hebe, fat as a monk and not less reverend, handsome as a sweetheart, knowing as an abbé, always loved, and always worthy to be loved, polished, perfumed, cockered up, the very pink of perfection; happy, in short, if he had never travelled. But now comes the time of miserable memory, the critical minute in which his glory is to be eclipsed. O crime! O shame! O cruel recollection! Fatal journey, why must we see thy history beforehand! Alas! a great name is a dangerous thing. Your retired lot is by much the best. Let this example, my friends, show you, that too many talents, and too flattering a success, often bring in their train the ruin of one's morals.

The renown of thy brilliant achievements, Ver-Vert, spread abroad on every side, even as far as Nantes. There, as every body knows, is the meek fold of the reverend Mothers of the Visitation—ladies who, as elsewhere in this nation, are by no means the last to know every thing. To hear of our parrot was to desire to see him. Desire at all times is a devouring flame;—but in a nun!—Behold, at one blow, twenty heads turned for a parrot. They write to Nevers to beg that this bewitching bird may be allowed to come down the Loire, and pay them a visit. The letter goes; but when,

ah, when will come the answer? In a dozen days. What an age! Letter upon letter is despatched, request on request. There is no more sleep in the house. Sister Cecilie will die of it.

At length the formidable epistle arrives at Nevers. Awful business! A chapter is held upon it. Dismay follows the consultation. "What! lose Ver-Vert! O heavens! What are we to do in these desolate holes and corners without the dear bird! Better to die at once!" Thus spoke one of the younger sisters, whose lively heart, tired of having nothing to do, still lay open to a little innocent pleasure. To say the truth, it was no great matter to long to keep a parrot, in a place where no other bird was to be had. Nevertheless, the older nuns determined upon letting the charming pupil go—for fifteen days. Their prudent heads did not choose to embroil themselves with our sisters of Nantes. This bill on the part of their ladyships produced great disorders in the commons. What a sacrifice! Is it in human nature to consent to it? "Is it true?" quoth sister Seraphine: "What! live, and Ver-Vert away!" In another quarter of the room, thrice did the vestry-nun turn pale: four times did she sigh; she wept, she groaned, she fainted, she lost her voice. The whole place is in mourning. I know not what prophetic finger traced the journey in black colours; but the dreams of the night redoubled the horrors of the day. In vain. The fatal moment arrives; every thing is ready: courage must be summoned to bid adieu. Not a sister but groaned like a turtle; so long was the widowhood she anticipated. How many kisses did not Ver-Vert receive in going out! They detain him: they bathe him with tears: his charms redouble at every step. Nevertheless, he is at length outside the walls; and out of the monastery with him flies Love!

The same vagabond of a boat, which contained the sacred bird, contained also two damsels, three dragoons, a wet-nurse, a monk, and two Gascons; pretty society for a young thing just out of a monastery! Ver-Vert thought himself in another world. It was no longer texts and orisons with which he was treated, but words which he never heard before, and none of the most Christian. The dragoons, a race not eminent for devotion, spoke no language but that of the ale-house. All their hymns to beguile the road were in honour of the god of drinking; their only moveable feasts were those of the tankard. The Gascons and the three new Graces kept up a concert in the taste of the allies. The boatmen cursed, and swore, and made horrible rhymes; taking care by a masculine articulation, that not a syllable should lose its vigour. Ver-Vert, melan-

choly and frightened, kept silent in a corner, and knew not what to say or to think.

In the course of the voyage, the company resolved to "fetch out" our hero. The task fell on Brother Lubin the monk, who in a tone verily unlike his profession, put some questions to the handsome forlorn. The benign bird assumed his best manner, and heaving a formal sigh, replied in a pedantic tone, "Hail, sister!" At this Hail, you may guess if they shouted with laughter. Every tongue fell on poor Father Parrot. Our novice bethought within himself, that he must have spoken amiss, and that if he would be well with the ladies present, he must adopt the style of the gentleman. Naturally of a daring temper, and having been hitherto well fumed with incense, his modesty was not proof against so much contempt. He lost his patience; and in losing his patience, alas! poor Ver-Vert lost his innocence. He even began, inwardly, to mutter ungracious curses against the good sisters his instructors, for not having taught him the true refinements of the French language, its nerve and its delicacy. He accordingly set himself to learn them with all his might, not speaking much, it is true, but not the less inwardly studying for all that. In two days (such is the progress of evil in young minds) he forgot all that had been taught him; and in less than no time was as off-hand a swearer as any in the boat. He swore worse than an old devil at the bottom of a holy-water box. It has been said, that nobody becomes abandoned at once. Ver-vert scorned the maxim. He had a contempt for any mere noviciates, and was a blackguard in the twinkling of an eye. In short, one of the boatmen uttered a profane oath. Ver-Vert echoed the wretch! The company applauded and he swore again. Item, he swore other oaths. A new vanity seized him; and degrading his generous organ, he now felt no other ambition but that of pleasing the wicked.

During these melancholy scenes, what were you about, chaste nuns of the convent of Nevers? Doubtless you were putting up vows for the safe return of the vilest of ingrates, a vagabond unworthy of your anxiety, who holds his former loves in contempt. Anxious affection is in your hearts, melancholy in your dwelling. Cease your prayers, dear deluded ones; dry up your tears. Ver-Vert is no longer worthy of you; he is a raf, an apostate, a notorious swearer: the winds and the water-nymphs have spoiled the fruit of your labours. Genius he may be still; but what is genius without virtue? Meanwhile, the boat was approaching the town of Nantes, where the Sisters of the Visitation were languishing with impatience. The days and nights had never been so long. In all their ennui, however, they had the

image of their coming angel before them—the polished soul, the parrot of noble breeding, the tender, sincere and edifying voice—sentiments—distinguished merit. Oh grief! what is it all to come to?

The boat arrives; the passengers disembark. A sister of the turning-box was waiting in the dock where she had been over and over again at stated times, ever since the letters were dispatched. Her looks, darting over the water, seemed to hasten the vessel that conveyed our hero. The rascal knew her at first sight. Her prudish eyes letting a look out at the corner, her great coif, white gloves, dying voice, and little cross, were not to be mistaken. Ver-Vert, ruffled with impatience, and there is reason to believe, gave her internally to the devil. He was now for the army, and could not bear the thought of new ceremonies and litanies. However, my gentleman was obliged to submit. The lay-sister carried him off in spite of his vociferations. They say he bit her in going; some say in the neck, others on the arm; I believe it is not well known where; but it is no matter. Off he went. The devotee was soon within the convent, and his arrival was announced. Here's a noise! At the first sound of the news the bell was set ringing. The nuns were at prayers, but up they all jump. They shriek, they clap their hands, they fly. "'Tis he, sister! 'Tis he! He is in the great parlour!" The great parlour is filled in a twinkling. Even the old nuns, marching in order, forgot the weight of their years. The whole house was grown young again. It was on this occasion, that mother Angelica ran for the first time.

At length the blessed spectacle bursts upon them. They cannot satiate their eyes with admiring; and in truth, the rascal was not the less handsome for being less virtuous. His military look and *petit maitre* airs gave him even a new charm. All mouths burst out in his praises, all at once. He, however, does not deign to utter one pious word, but stands rolling his eyes like a young Carmelite. Grief the first. There was a scandal in this air of effrontery. In the second place, when the prioress, with an august air, and like an inward-hearted creature as she was, wished to interchange a few sentiments with the bird, the first words my gentleman uttered,—the only answer he condescended to give, and that too with an air of nonchalance, or rather contempt, and like an unfeeling villian, was—"God zounds! what a pack of fools these nuns are!" History says he learnt these words on the road. At this *debut*, Sister Augustin, with a sugared air, hoping to make him cautious, said to him, "For shame, my dear brother." The dear brother, not to be corrected, rhymed her a word or two, too rich to be repeated. "Holy

Jesus!" exclaimed the sister; he is a sorcerer, my dear mother! Just Heaven! what a wretch! Is this the *divine* parrot!" Ver-Vert, like a reprobate at the gallows, made no other answer than by setting up a dance, and singing, "Here we go up, up, up;" which, to improve, he commenced with an oath. The nuns would have stopt his mouth; but he was not to be hindered. He gave a buffoon imitation of the prattle of the young sisters; and then shutting his beak, and dropping into a palsied imbecility, mimicked the nasal drawl of his old enemies the antiques!

It was worse, when tired and worn out with their stale sentences, he foamed and raged like a corsair, and thundered out all the horrible words he had learnt on board the vessel. Heavens! how he swore, and what things he said. His dissolute voice knew no bounds. All hell seemed to pass in review before them. Words not to be thought of danced upon his beak. The young sisters trembled with horror. The nuns without more ado, fly a thousand ways, making as many signs of the cross. They thought it was the end of the world. Poor mother Cunegunde, falling on her nose, was the ruin of her last tooth. "Eternal Father!" exclaimed sister Vivian, opening with difficulty a sepulchral voice; "Lord, have mercy on us! who has sent us this Anti-Christ, this devil incarnate? Sweet Saviour! What a conscience can it be, which swears in this manner, like one of the damned? Is this the famous wit, the sage Ver-Vert, who is so beloved and cried up? For God's sake let him depart from among us without more ado."—"O, God of Love!" cried sister Ursula, taking up the lamentation; "what horrors! is this the way they talk among our sisters at Nevers! This their perverse language! And is this the manner in which they form youth! What a heretic! O, divine wisdom, let us get rid of him, or we shall all go to the wicked place together." In short, Ver-Vert is fairly put in his cage, and sent on his travels back again. They pronounce him detestable, abominable, an attainted criminal, convicted of having endeavoured to pollute the virtue of the holy sisters. All the convent sign his decree of banishment, but they shed tears in doing it. It was impossible not to pity a criminal in the flower of his age, who was unfortunate enough to hide such a depraved heart under so beautiful an exterior. For his part, Ver-Vert desired nothing better. He was carried back to the river side in a box, and did not bite the lay sister again.

But what was the despair, when he returned home, and when he would fain have given his old instructors a like serenade! Nine venerable sisters, their eyes in tears, their senses confused with horror, their veils too deep, condemned him in full conclave. The

younger ones, who might have spoken for him, were not allowed to be present. One or two were for sending him back to his vessel, but the majority resolved upon keeping him and chastising him. He was sentenced to two months of abstinence, three of imprisonment, and four of silence. No garden, no toilet, no bed-room, no little cakes. Nor was this all. They chose for his jailor the very Alecto of the convent, a dowager old infant, a veiled ape, an octogenary skeleton, a spectacle made on purpose for the eye of a penitent. In spite of the cares of this inflexible Argus, some amiable nuns would often come with their sympathy to relieve the horrors of his imprisonment. Sister Rosalie, more than once, brought him almonds before breakfast. But what are almonds in a room cut off from the rest of the world? What are sweetmeats in captivity but bitter herbs?

Covered with shame and instructed by misfortune, or weary of the eternal old hag his companion, our hero at last found himself contrite. He forgot the dragoons and the monk, and once more in unison with the holy sisters both in air and tone, became more devout than a Canon. When they were sure of his conversion, the divan re-assembled, and agreed to shorten the term of his penitence. Judge, if the day of his deliverance was a day of joy! All his future moments consecrated to tenderness, are to be spun by the hands of love and security. O faithless pleasure! O vain expectation of mortal delight! All the dormitories were dressed with flowers. Exquisite coffee, songs, lively exercise, an amiable tumult of pleasure, a plenary indulgence of liberty, all breathed of love and delight; nothing announced the coming adversity. But O indiscreet liberality! O fatal superfluity of the hearts of nuns! Passing too soon from abstinence to abundance, from the hard bosom of misfortune to whole seas of sweetness, saturated with sugars and set on fire with liqueurs, Ver-Vert fell one day on a box of sweetmeats, and lay on his death-bed. His roses were all changed to cypress. In vain the sisters endeavoured to recall his fleeting spirit. The sweet excess had hastened his destiny, and the fortunate victim of love expired in the bosom of pleasure. His last words were much admired, but history has not recorded them. Venus herself, closing his eyelids, took him with her into the little woody Elysium described by the lover of Corinna, where he assumed his station among the heroes of the parrot race, close to the one that was the subject of the poet's elegy.

To say how his death was lamented, is impossible. The present history was taken from one of the long circulars, composed by the nuns on the occasion. His portrait was

painted after nature. More than one hand gave him a new life in colours and embroidery; and grief, taken up the stitches in her turn, drew him with tears of white silk around the margin. All the funeral honours were paid him, which Helicon is accustomed to pay to illustrious birds. His mausoleum was built at the foot of a myrtle; and on a piece of porphyry environed with flowers, the tender Artemisias placed the following epitaph, in letters of gold:—

O ye, who come to tattle in this wood,
Unknown to us, the graver sisterhood,
Hold for one moment, if ye can, your tongues,
Ye novices, and hear how fortune wrongs.
Hush: or, if hushing be too hard a task,
Hear but another speak, 'tis all we ask—
One word will pierce ye with a thousand darts:
Here lies VER-VERT, and with him lie all hearts.

They say nevertheless, that the shade of the bird is not in the tomb. The immortal parrot, according to good authority, survives in the nuns themselves; and is destined, through all ages, to transfer from sister to sister his soul and his tattle.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

The abby Fleury relates this anecdote—Peregrinus, the cynic, feeling himself old and despised, in consequence of not doing any thing new, was ambitious of rendering himself illustrious by an uncommon death. He published, that on the next meeting of the Olympic games, he would burn himself. He kept his word. When the games were finished, he ordered a large pile of wood to be brought; then, accompanied by several cynics, he approached and set fire to it; he took off his wallet, laid his cloak and stick (the usual dress of the cynic) aside, threw some incense into the fire, and turned towards it, he exclaimed, "Genius of my father and my mother, receive me favourably." After this he jumped into the fire, and disappeared, so great was the flame.

THIEVING PROPENSITY.—Cardinal Angelot had such an itch for thieving, that he used to go into the stable, and steal the oats from his own horses; but his groom finding a person in the fact, thrashed him soundly, pretending he did not know his master. We have heard also of a city alderman, since deceased, who was detected robbing his own till! At the quarter sessions of the peace for Surrey, held at St. Margaret's hill, Southwark, January 1779, Humphrey Finnamore, Esq. a person of 70 years of age, and who had an income of upwards of 500*l.* a year, was convicted of stealing five turkeys, the property of Thomas Humphries, master of the Gipsy-house near Norwood.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world: to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

MODERN GREEKS.

No V.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the greater part of the songs of modern Greece should be the productions of blind itinerant poets, who represent the ancient rhapsodists with a fidelity which has something in it very striking. In Greece there are no mendicants; every man capable of labour is expected to work, except he be blind; and even this exception is not apparent, for blind persons exercise a profession here, which renders them not only acceptable, but, in some respects, necessary to this nation, considering the character, condition, and lively imagination of the people: this is the profession of itinerant songsters. Blind persons are in the practice, as well upon the continent, as in the islands of Greece, of composing, or, at least, of storing their memory with a prodigious quantity of songs upon popular subjects. Furnished with these treasures, they are always upon the march, traversing Greece in every direction, from the extremity of the Morea to Constantinople; from the Ægean to the Ionian sea. They go from town to town, from village to village; a motley auditory is soon gathered round them; and they make choice of such subjects as are best suited to place and circumstance, and best calculated to awaken the generosity of their hearers, in order to obtain the trifling remuneration which constitutes all their revenue.

They are to be met with more frequently in the villages than the towns, for they appear to give the preference to the uncultivated part of the population, which has always the most curiosity, is the most greedy of strong impressions, and the least fastidious in the choice of the subject proposed to them. The Turks are the only persons who do not mingle in these groups; they pass by with an air of apathy or disdain. It is at the fairs, at the village feasts—known under the name of *paneghyri*—that these itinerant songsters are to be found, where they are sure of meeting with encouragement. They sing, accompanying themselves on an instrument with strings, which is played with a bow. This is exactly the ancient lyre of the Greeks, of which it retains the name as well as form. This lyre, when perfect, consists of five strings, but frequently it has but two or three.

These modern rhapsodists being always on the move from place to place, always in quest of whatever is best calculated to excite the imagination and gratify curiosity,

nothing of interest escapes them. They take note of every thing passing in the towns, villages, and country places. They celebrate every occurrence, and through the medium of their songs, thus spread by degrees through the whole of Greece the renown of adventurous actions, and of the men by whom they were performed. These blind rhapsodists are, therefore, in fact, the chroniclers and historians, as well as the poets of the people; in this respect perfectly resembling the rhapsodists of ancient Greece. There is another very remarkable point of resemblance between the ancient and modern rhapsodists; the latter, like the former, are at the same time musicians and poets. While the blind poet composes his song, he composes the air to it at the same time. The composition of verse is but half his function as poet; to set his verses to music is indispensable for fulfilling the object for which they were composed. It is true that new words are sometimes composed to airs already known; but, generally speaking, every new song is produced and circulated with an air invented expressly for it.

Among these blind rhapsodists there are, from time to time, to be found individuals gifted with the talent of improvisation. One in particular, was living till within these few years, in the small town of Amplekia, in Thessaly, in the neighbourhood of Mount Ossa. His name was Gavogannis, or John the Blind, who attained to a very advanced age, and gained a great reputation by the facility with which he composed extempore upon any given theme, as well as by the prodigious number of historical and other songs with which his memory was stored. Having become rich, or, at least, comparatively so, to his brethren of song, he afforded the rare example of a stationary rhapsodist. His visitors were numerous, as well to hear the songs of deeds of other days, as to propose subjects for his extemporaneous talent, for the exercise of which he was sure to be liberally rewarded. Every Greek village annually celebrates the feast of its patron saint. On this occasion all the neighbouring villages repair thither. Song, accompanied by music, forms one of the most lively and characteristic enjoyments of these meetings. It is there that these Homers of the day are sure of finding a numerous auditory, well disposed to feel all the varied expressions of verse, the admiration of heroic deeds, or tales of tenderness and love.

THE DRAMA.

PARIS THEATRES.

A new vaudeville was lately brought out at Paris, called "Coral; or the Sister and

Brother," which appears to have met with a favourable reception. The following is a development of the story :—

Mde. de Selmar, left a widow at the age of 25, possessing a large fortune, has lately returned from the Colonies, where she was brought up with her younger brother Edward, and towards whom she has acted as a mother. Edward, on his arrival at Paris, has given himself up to pleasure and dissipation. He has formed connections which give great uneasiness to Mde. de Selmar. In particular, he has made frequent visits to a Marchioness Dudley, and avoided answering the questions of his sister relative to this mysterious lady. Almost a stranger in her native land, Mde. de Selmar is fearful of taking an imprudent step: however, her affection for her brother overcomes every other consideration, and in his absence, in order to discover the truth, and to protect him against the snares that may surround him, she introduces herself at the Marchioness's, in the name of a new waiting-woman whom the Marchioness expected. The class of society that meet at the pretended Marchioness's was sufficient to alarm the delicacy of Mde. de Selmar—a lord holds the bank, and two of the other members are M. Touton, a principal dancer at the Opera, and a young man named Roland, a frequenter of all the green-rooms, giddy, and of a most singular character, who mingles morality with his follies, and endeavours to unite philosophy and champagne. This Roland is excessively timid in the company of ladies of rank; but full of assurance and audacity with soubrettes and the divinities of the Opera House. One may easily imagine that he does not fail to address his homage to the new waiting-maid of the Marchioness. But what becomes of him when he fancies he recognises the features of Mde. de Selmar, whom he adores in secret, but has never dared to address? He, however, takes courage, and informs Henrietta that the pretended Marchioness, with whom she resides, is no other than Coraly, one of the prettiest and most fascinating nymphs of the Opera, with whom Edward is violently in love, and whom Roland is preventing from marrying, in order to spare the sorrow which such a step would occasion to Mde. de Selmar, of whom he speaks in the most respectful terms. Mde. de Selmar is much affected by the honourable sentiments expressed by Roland; but at the same time much embarrassed by the disguise she has chosen.

Meanwhile, the danger increases. Coraly herself informs her waiting-maid that she sets off secretly in a few hours with Edward, and that they are going to England to be married. Coraly is in hopes of obtaining rank and consequence, and she prefers

Edward, who makes her an offer of his hand, to the proposals of my lord, who offers his fortune only. Every thing is prepared for flight, and Roland does not suspect what is to take place, when Mde. de Selmar, who that very morning has hired Coraly's country-house, where the scene takes place, suddenly returns in her own name and dress, taking possession of her house, and opposing her brother's intention. In the midst of the confusion occasioned by her sudden arrival, Roland is requested to receive her; her striking resemblance with the waiting-woman has its usual effect upon Roland, and increases his timidity to such a degree, that Mde. de Selmar is tempted to believe he is not the same man. She however confides her fears to him, her brother's intention, and solicits his advice. Roland replies, there is a method by which Coraly can be removed from Edward; but that he dares not explain himself...which would be to write a letter to him, Roland, by which Mde. de Selmar acknowledges her affection for him, and makes him a gift of her hand and fortune. Mde. de Selmar hesitates a moment, argues respecting the expressions, but in the end Roland appears so candid, behaves with such respect, and so solemnly declares that the letter shall remain in his possession only ten minutes...and then Mde. de Selmar is so attached to her brother...She writes the letter and delivers it to Roland, who withdraws, assuring her that he will make a proper use of it, and promises her success.

At this moment, Edward, who had been concealed in the house, makes his appearance, and remains immovable with surprise at the sight of his sister in Coraly's house. Mde. de Selmar pretends not to be acquainted with the name of her future sister, but tenderly complains of having been informed of his intended marriage by any other person than himself; she entreats him to introduce her to his intended. Edward casts down his eyes, and tremblingly acknowledges that he dares not name her. A sudden noise of a carriage is heard. Who is it that is going away? exclaimed Edward.—It is Coraly, says Roland, re-entering.—Coraly!—Calm yourself; she is not alone; my lord G. is with her.—My lord! Oh, what treachery!—What will you do, my friend? she loved you, no doubt; but my lord likewise made her an offer of his hand. She could not resist the temptation of a title; she wept; she is gone!—Edward is overcome, and his sister and friend bestow all the consolations they can upon the unfortunate youth, who had the weakness to trust in theatrical vows. Roland tremblingly restores Mde. de Selmar the letter she had intrusted him with.—What! madam, said he, do you not destroy it?—No, said Mde. de Selmar, I will keep it; and I will see, in a short time, added she,

blushing, whether, without injury to my brother, I can send it to its address. Roland falls at her feet and promises to become worthy of so captivating a reward.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF MISS HUTTON.

THIS lady was born at Birmingham about the year 1775. She is the daughter of William Hutton, esq., well known as the author of "The History of Birmingham," and various other publications. Miss Hutton was indebted to her father for the first rudiments of education; and by the time she was six years of age, she could not only read fluently, but was a perfect mistress of her pen. At the age of seven, the youthful Charlotte was, at her own pressing solicitation, sent to a genteel day-school, where she soon became a proficient in the polite accomplishment of dancing, and excelled in every branch of ornamental needle-work. Her juvenile days glided thus smoothly along the stream of time, unclouded by care, and unembittered by sorrow, until the age of nineteen. At that interesting period, she attracted the notice of all the talent in Birmingham, and numbered among her friends the most accomplished females of the age. But this calm and uninterrupted tranquillity was soon disturbed by those alarming riots, which, in 1792, threatened destruction to many of the manufacturing towns in the north of England. Two Unitarian places of worship were destroyed by the populace, whose disorders were continued during several days; and property to an immense amount was sacrificed. Miss Hutton's father unfortunately became one of the objects of vengeance to the infuriated multitude. In his quality of Commissioner in the Court of Requests, he had, by compelling many of the poorer classes to pay their debts, become obnoxious to the populace, who attacked his house, plundered and destroyed every article of property, and then set fire to the mansion, leaving the unhappy family wanderers, a prey to the most heart-rending distress.

In the year 1796, her mother paid the debt of nature; and soon afterwards, the subject of our memoir, with a view of dispelling her melancholy, visited the metropolis. Here she was introduced to some of the first circles, and was invited to balls and parties; but these having no longer any charm to please, she returned to her native spot, in a declining state of health, from whence it was found necessary to remove her to the invigorating air of the mountainous country of North Wales. There she began to improve daily, and in the course of

a few months she was enabled to return to her father's home. Her time was now principally devoted to study, and to cultivating a taste for music, of which she was passionately fond.

In 1807, Miss Hutton first began writing for the press:—Her maiden effort appeared in a contemporary monthly publication, under the title of "Oakwood House," but was afterwards printed in a separate form, with important additions, and entitled "Oakwood Hall." Soon afterwards, she produced in succession, "The Miser Married," and "The Welsh Mountaineer," in all of which she was eminently successful. In 1815, her father closed his earthly career; and Miss Hutton, shortly after his decease, fulfilled her last duty to his memory, by giving the world a life of her parent, from materials written by himself, a few years previous to his dissolution.

Her next effort was of a different kind, and was entitled "The Tour of Africa," being a selection from the most approved travels in that distant part of the globe. This is one of the most interesting compilations which has appeared for a length of time. By divesting her work of those dry details, and uninteresting disquisitions, which swell out the pages of modern travellers, she has rendered a great service to the public; and while it affords amusement, it conveys to us, at the same time, every information on the subject of Africa which the majority of readers would wish to obtain.

Miss Hutton continues to inhabit her paternal mansion, near Birmingham. Habit, and a delicate state of health, have rendered her home dear to her. She is visited by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, and maintains a constant intercourse, by letter, with many individuals alike distinguished for their literary attainments and amiable character in all the various duties of social life.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

Geography and Geology of Lake Huron.

By inspecting the new and corrected map accompanying the notes of John J. Bigsby, M. D. &c. on Lake Huron, its contained islands and the surrounding shores, it was observed to be a reduced copy, with additions, of Thompson's map; compiled pursuant to the provisions of the treaty of Ghent, for

settling the boundary line between the two nations, by the British astronomer himself, Capt. Owen, of the Royal Navy, and Mr. Smith, late surveyor-general of Canada. The author's own surveys, and those of some other persons, are also incorporated. There are four great levels in North America. The first is that of the tide-water in the river Saint Lawrence, the head of which may be considered as reaching the outlet of Lake Champlain, or the island of Montreal. This corresponds with the river Hudson, carrying the flood it derives from the ocean, to the junction of the Mohawk River, or the village of Troy. The second flat or plateau, is that of Lake Ontario, reaching from the Thousand Isles to the foot of the Rapids in Niagara River, near Queenstown. The third horizontal expansion is that of Lake Erie, Huron, and Michigan, making a very broad and extensive formation: while the fourth is that of Lake Superior, with its vast and ocean-like spread of waves and floods. It is to the third of these levels that the author has directed his particular attention. He considers it as situated only five hundred and ninety feet above the Atlantic: an elevation not half so great as the summits of the Highlands, a little to the northward of the military academy at West Point.

The memoir is divided into two sections; the former of which treats of the geography of Lake Huron and its vicinity, and the latter of their geognostic constitution. The topographical description has the appearance of minuteness and accuracy. But Dr. B's talent is more conspicuous in his geological observations.

The northern shore of Lake Huron, with its nearest islands, consists principally of the older rocks. These primitive materials are part of a vast chain, commencing probably to the northward and eastward of the Winnipeg Lake, is continued along the northern shore of Lakes Superior, Huron, and Ontario, and after forming the barrier of granite at the Thousand Islands, at the outlet of the latter, terminates towards the sources of the Hudson, in the state of New-York. He thinks they are connected with the Alleghany chain and its southwestern continuations. Feldspar, gneiss, hornblend, quartz, mica, mica-slate, genuine granite, olivine, liquiform asbestos, trap, greenstone, and greenstone-slate, are mentioned as the predominant in-

gredients. The secondary rocks are supposed to extend without interruption from the southern limit of Lake Winnipeg, in the form of a vast basin over the greater part of Lakes Superior, Huron, and Simcoe, the whole of Lakes Michigan, Erie, and Ontario; much of the western region of New-York; the whole states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan; and the rest of the valley of the Mississippi.

Some of the rocks, which are decidedly not primitive, seem at the same time, he thinks, to be deficient in the true secondary character. Such are the granular quartz, the quartz-rocks, quartz containing nodules of jasper, and green-stone with a scienitic aspect, near the Palon river, High-cliff Island, Green Island, St. Joseph, narrows of Pelletau, and the foot of Lake George. Different from these rocks are the following:—

1. Sand-stone in horizontal strata at Lake George, the Straits of St. Mary, and the south side of Lake Superior, of the same character with that of Genesee in the state of New-York.
2. Lime-stone and calcareous rocks of a cavernous and brecciated form, constituting the cliffs at Michillimackinac, allied to the magnesian breccia at Bristol in England, at St. Joseph in weathered crumbling ledges; in the channel of Pelletau granular passing into compact; at the Narrows oolitic; in the isles near St. Joseph of a green colour; at Thessalon Island magnesian, with accidental mixtures, though not frequently, of rhomboidal pearlspar and dogstooth calcspar, and the triple carbonate of lime and magnesia. In these localities as well as in the Manitouline Islands, the layers are uniformly and universally horizontal, or nearly so.
3. Gypsum, of which there is a heavy deposit at the isles of St. Martin.

These calcareous rocks are memorable for the organic remains they contain. They are wholly of oceanic production, and evince the former dominion of briny water, in the great lakes, and over the contained and surrounding lands. Among these marine exuviae, are *orthoceratites* of extraordinary size, some of them six feet in length. Of these curious relics he gives minute and circumstantial descriptions, and accompanies them with drawings from nature, which are exhibited in a series of plates elegantly lithographed. Besides these remains of animals probably

extinct, or at least, not now known to be inhabitants of this world, others are enumerated. These consist of *milleporites*, *huronites*, *madreporites*, *encrinites*, *entrochites*, and a variety of *shells*, *pentacrinites*, *trilobites*, *ammonites*, *asterites*, *caryophyllites*, *turbinites*, *retiporites*, *corallites*, and *catenulites*, among the new species enumerated in this tract, are *six* belonging to the new genus *Huronia*, found on Drummoud Island, and *one* appertaining to the trilobite family from St. Joseph's Island, called by Mr. Stokes *asaphus platycephalus*, remarkable for the flatness of its head, and for two prongs of the inferior parts analogous to the teeth in the stomachs of crabs and lobsters!

The paper of which the foregoing is a brief abstract, was read before the Geological Society of London, in March 1823, and really shows, as a member of the company shrewdly observed, that the antediluvian relics of this region are better described and more fully understood than those in the neighbourhood of New-York city; but he added his hope that the reproach would soon be removed by the industrious researches of science.

Toward the close of his dissertation, he treats of the debris of rocks and fragments of solid strata, existing within the limits of his observation. From a careful survey of the nodules, boulders, and detached masses on the shore and bed of Lake Huron, he concludes that they have been subjected to a mighty and overwhelming flood from the north, tearing up old foundations, and bringing the disrupted parcels in confusion to the south.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Those most useful and convenient Institutions, which were established in every principal city and town throughout France at the peace, and continued until the death of Louis XVIII. denominated *Cabinets Littéraires*, where all the metropolitan and domestic, and many of the foreign journals, and other interesting, scientific, and literary periodicals, were taken in, and read by the public at a small expense, are abolished by command of Charles X.

A LARGE HEAD.—There is at present in Guy's Hospital a young man, of the name of James Cardindale, thirty years of age, five feet five inches in height, whose head is of

the following extraordinary dimensions. Circumference round the upper part of the head, 36 inches; and from the chin to the pole of the neck, 29½ inches; from the examination of the head, it appears that he has no skull in the fore part of his head, and when he walks out, which is but seldom, he is under the necessity of being supported by two men.

SLEEP.—A Correspondent in the *Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine*, who describes himself as debarred from reading during the day by business, and is always experiencing an irresistible drowsiness when he takes to a book at night, although very fond of it, says he discovered an antidote to this baffling tendency in a *common onion*, cut through the middle, and placed in close contact with the eyes. Some involuntary tears are of course produced by this process, but the writer affirms that it leaves the eye-balls refreshed, and dispels the soporific heaviness.

VOLTAIRE AND THE PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY.—If Voltaire had been hanged or burnt in 1765, as the Chevalier de la Barre was at Abbeville, the progress of good sense in France would have been retarded forty or fifty years. Voltaire, Foutenelle, and Montesquieu, successfully exposed the Sorbonne and the University, which were the vanguard of the despotic throne of Louis XV. That monarch, who had considerable sense, saw the turn that affairs were taking, and frequently said, for his own consolation,—“The present state of things will last longer than I shall.” He was right; he died in 1775, and the monarchy in 1789.—Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, which, by the bye, has only just now been translated into English, was, in 1775, the catechism of every body in France who could read or recite.

The manufacture of woollen cloths by steam, has been successfully introduced in the west of England. A piece of cloth was lately exhibited at Stockport, which, on being compared with the best French broad cloth, was declared by competent judges to be every way superior.

The silk manufactories in Great Britain have reached so high a state of perfection, that the articles produced there, are frequently preferred to those imported from the east.

A patent has been obtained by Mr. J. F. Atlee, of Marchwood, near Southampton, for a process by which planks and other

scantlings of wood will be prevented from shrinking, and will be altered and materially improved in their durability, closeness of grain, and power of resisting moisture, so as to render the same better adapted for ship-building and other building purposes, for furniture and other purposes where close or compact wood is desirable; insomuch that the wood so prepared will become a new article of commerce and manufacture, which he intends calling "condensed wood."

ANIMAL-ENGRAFTING.—A Doctor Diefenback, of Berlin, has been performing some experiments on animal-engrafting, which may perhaps have been the foundation, by mistake, of those ascribed to the Sieur Majendie. Besides several curious transfers of black chickens' feathers into white pigeons' tails, and *vice versa*, he has succeeded in the implanting of various plumage into the skins of puppies, kittens, and rabbits; and then again, of a cat's whiskers into the back of a plucked pigeon. A claw was also detached from a pigeon's toe, and translated successfully to its tail! Another pigeon, after being scalped, had its head mended with a flap cut out of its own thigh,—which bore hair, however, instead of feathers; and a rabbit, after having its nose cut off, was repaired again by the Taliacotian operation. The Doctor, it seems, did not spare himself or his acquaintance, but deprived a friend (a female one probably) of an eye-brow, and implanted it on his own arm.

A physician of the name of *Buller*, residing at Hamburg, has lately invented a new surgical instrument, by means of which he can amputate a leg in one second, and which has the effect of benumbing the pain of the patient, by a simultaneous pressure which accompanies the operation.

LITERATURE.

Lionel Lincoln, or the Leaguer of Boston, a novel. By the author of the Spy, Pioneers, &c. 2 vols. C. Wiley. New-York. 1825.

WE are sensible that our notice of this work comes rather late; but must plead a total neglect of its perusal until moved thereunto by the praises which have been bestowed on it by some of our brethren of the press, for whose critical sagacity we have always entertained a suitable respect. Hoping, then, that the time which we devoted to it might be in some measure compensated by its merits, and fearing that if we knew nothing of "Cooper's new novel," we would forfeit all pretensions to literary

ton, we sat down to its perusal, and most manfully waded *entirely* through it. But we regret that the *ennui* which came over us at the time obliges us to dissent from the dicta of the journalists we have mentioned, and that a due regard to the rights of literature compels us, with the critics of the Boston Galaxy and Columbian Observer, to speak of it in terms of unmeasured severity.

Mr. Cooper entered on the business of authorship without that intellectual superiority which entitles an individual to the attention of the world, and even before his mind had undergone that discipline and acquired that maturity which would enable it, such as it is, to exert itself to the utmost advantage. His novels, therefore, were but indifferent articles; and if his pictures were indeed sometimes faithful, they were uniformly rough. But he nevertheless acquired, by one of those aberrations of the public taste for which it is difficult to account, an extravagant reputation; and there were many amongst us who went so far as to pronounce him unrivalled in his particular department of writing. Thus he reigned in the ascendant for a season; but whether it is that Mr. Cooper has decayed in ability, or that the public have arrived to more just conclusions, his fame is on the decline; and though, as we have already hinted, it is absolutely necessary for any gentleman who values his good name to read his works as they come from the press, there are a vast number who formerly devoured them with impatience, by whom they are utterly neglected.

We have not leisure to investigate particularly the causes of his inordinate popularity, or of its mortifying vicissitude. We should not, *en passant*, hesitate to attribute the latter (among other things) to the very excess which characterized the former; for we deem it impossible for a reputation so unreasonably distended, to last very long. But such fluctuations in fame are not uncommon in the world of literature, and while they are difficult to be accounted for, are more curious than important. While, however, we record our dissent from the zealous encomiums which have been rendered to Mr. Cooper, we shall not be so unjust as to refuse him any merit whatever.

He is a person of very good common sense, and a vast deal of shrewdness and

observation; and having seen much of the world, he is enabled to render sketches of ordinary life and manners, which, though meagre, are tolerably accurate. We have no doubt, therefore, that as representations of common scenes, and delineations of common character, his works will always be pretty well esteemed; but thus far we can go and no farther: for to delicacy and elevation of sentiment, elegance of style, or a general exhibition of literary refinement, they can make no pretension, and we presume that Mr. Cooper himself makes no pretensions of that kind. They appear to us like the executions of one who really conceives with justice, but being wholly unpractised, draws his pictures, though with fidelity, yet with rudeness, and without that neat and elegant finish which bespeaks the hand of a master. That they will ever be (or even *have been*) greatly admired by persons of regulated taste, cannot be supposed; but we think it equally certain that they will never be utterly despised. They will probably occupy an odd corner of the library, and after being covered with dust for a year or two, may, perhaps, be referred to when nothing better is at hand.

We think the work before us unquestionably inferior to any of its predecessors, being characterized by all their defects, without those defects being blended with any of their merits. The story is complicated, absurd, and incomprehensible, and extended to a couple of volumes by the intermixture of dull incidents, mean wit, and the most silly common-place; and as to its purpose and consistence, they have escaped our detection. Its hero is a very insipid personage, who passes his time in mawkish attempts at sentimental courtship, or in loitering about the fields, and skulking round the camp, under the influence of some morbid affection of mind wholly unaccounted for; and its heroine is a very pretty though rather a dull prude. With regard to Ralph and Job, their concernment with the main story is but collateral, and it is obvious that the author has fastened them to the work after his outline was drawn.

The marriage scene is one of the most extravagant which any modern novel has yet ventured to describe; and if we may be permitted to adopt a phrase of the vulgar, beats the marvellous of the Three Spa-

niards *all hollow*. The union of Lionel and Cecil is definitively projected only a few hours previous to the death of the grandmother and only guardian of the beautiful bride; (a strange season we think for the planning of nuptials) and even after she has expired, instead of waiting to plight their vows until her relics are committed to their "narrow bed," they hie to the church at the hour of midnight, and through the gusts of a tempest. After all preliminary obstacles are, per force, overcome, the minister is about to pronounce that through life they shall be one, but previously requires, in an audible tone which echoes through the aisles and chills the bride and bridegroom with fear, that all who have aught to say against their marriage vow must stand forth and say it. The moment that his voice is stilled, a colossal shadow stretches itself over the wall in seeming prohibition, and after all who are present regard it for a moment with terror, the reverend doctor pronounces the concluding formula, and they are man and wife. But the wonder does not stop here. Lionel abandons his bride, while the attendant terrors of the nuptials and the condition of her grandmother set her mind in distraction, to engage in a perambulation with Ralph; and she, in a few days afterwards, goes forth in pursuit of him, like a heroine of romance.

The riot of the grenadiers and the torments which they and the otherwise amiable Polwarth inflict on the dying Job, should have been expunged from the book, as being a scene revolting to the feelings from its unmitigated cruelty. The death scene of Ralph is also painful in the extreme, and we think the deuouement rather awkwardly produced.

There is no part of it capable of raising more than an ordinary interest, and we read it not only without much pleasure, but often with weariness. We are dissatisfied with the story, as being an unmeaning and laboured compound, and with the execution as being always far from elegant, and generally clumsy. Unless Mr. Cooper improves his style of writing in a considerable degree, we fear that his fame will diminish even faster than it rose, although every body knows that its swell was rapid enough: and we shall regret this ebb of his reputation, not

only for his sake, but that of the country; for our literature, unlike any other, is improperly identified with every literary attempt; and if such attempt be vain and ridiculous, not only the author but the national character suffers the obloquy.

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, with her sovereign *Beauty*
dwell."

CALENDAR—MAY.

Then came faire Maye, the fayrest Mayd on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda, which on either side
Supported her like to their sovaine queene

Spenser.

THE month of May was to the ancient Gauls the season of great military assemblies. Among the Romans, it was a grand festival in honour of *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, and daughter of Atlas, and one of the Pleiades. On the first of the month, they sacrificed to *Maia*, yet Apollo was its presiding deity. It was called by the Saxons *Tri Milchi*, from the rude but pastoral observation of the increase of milk from the springing grass.

Shakspeare says it was impossible, in England in his day, to make the people sleep on May-morning, and that they rose early to observe the rite of May. The milk-maids dressed themselves neatly on this day, and borrowing abundance of silver plate, of which they made a pyramid, which they adorned with ribbands and flowers, carried it upon their heads instead of their common milk-pails. In this equipage, accompanied by some of their fellow milk-maids, and a bagpipe or fiddle, they went from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers. The celebration of this day also universally obtains among the modern Italians, and is characterised by an interesting feature. The children, daughters, wives, and mothers of prisoners, assemble before the windows of the prison which look into the streets, and join before their unhappy relatives in songs of hope and freedom. They sympathize in vulgar couplets, written to national airs, in the misery of the

prisoners who cannot join with them in celebrating the month of May. These scenes usually end with a repast, in which the prisoners have a share, as their relatives are permitted to supply them on such occasions with meat and wine from without.

Laughing May has raised her head
From her violet sprinkled bed.
Richer tissue ne'er was twin'd
In the silken looms of Ind.
Waken'd by the linnet's song,
To the fields the maidens throng,
Ere the rising sun-beam pale
Dries the dew-drops from the vale.
As that May-day morn shall prove,
True or false shall be their love.
Village hearts remember well
Every blossom's simple spell;
If before them spring the rose,
Love and joy the emblem shows;
If they feel the stinging thorn,
True love shall be dashed with scorn;
If they meet the lily first,
Love shall be in sorrow nurst;
Violets hidden in their green,
Tell of love too long unseen,
When in beauty's swimming eye
All its fires neglected die;
Tulips tell of love for gold;
Pale Narcissus, proud and cold,
Shows the heart that, turned to stone
Lives uncharmed, unloving, lone.
Maidens! from the primrose fly,
Yellow sign of jealousy!
Let the haughty village prude
Pluck the thistle blossoms rude;
Love were given to her in vain;
Be her portion sour disdain;
Till young May again appear,
Thus shall speed the lover's ear:
Then again the mystic line
In the scented bloom shall twine;
Sparkling sunny, sweet and new,
As their crowns of morning dew.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON DRESS,

AS INDICATIVE OF CHARACTER.

THERE is no opinion more common nor more erroneous, than that dress is an indication of character. A gravely habited personage is generally set down for a sedate, reflecting man; and his opposite in externals for a silly coxcomb; while in each of these instances it is ten to one but the calculation proves erroneous. These mistaken estimates of character are the more remarkable, because every day's experience proves their absurdity. The day is gone by, since mankind attired themselves in the outward semblance of what they were, or what they wished to be thought. Doctors visit their patients without gold-headed canes, bag-wigs, and long-swords; parsons do not walk the streets of London in gowns and cassocks;

and the frequenters of conventicles are no longer distinguished by their tightly-drawn cravats and straight-combed locks. You shall see a methodist chapel as gaily sprinkled with colours as a tulip bed; and ladies' heads fluttering there with all the colours of the rainbow. Even Quakers are, here and there, gradually, though imperceptibly, dropping the stiff formality of the broad beaver and drab garment, and sporting round hats, Wellington trowsers, and lappelled coats. The world in short, has begun to be ashamed of wrapping itself up in the mystery of gravity; and since silence no longer passes current for wisdom, the stiff formality, heretofore peculiar to professions civil or religious, is discarded. It has at length been discovered that the outward has nothing to do with the inward man, and every one dresses to please himself, though at the risk of being sometimes condemned for what he is not. We neither look for learning in a dandy, nor levity in the grey-vestured gentleman of sixty; though each of these qualities has been found in those apparently unfavourable situations. I have met with good sense in a fop, and folly in the garb of gravity. I wish I could reconcile the contradiction. It would seem that if men habited themselves without regarding the opinion of the world. Let us see if we can unravel the mystery. Life is a lottery, and men's stations are fixed without regard to their predilections. With the outward formulæ, the votaries of mind (if I may be allowed the phrase) are, in a manner, compelled to comply; and it being the character of good sense to despise singularity, the thinking member of a fashionable family, however averse he may be to the foppery of dress, would rather attire himself like the other individuals of his connexion, than hazard the character of singularity by the gravity of his garb. On the other hand, an affection for dandyism may exist in the bosom of a Quaker. He is restricted from indulging in it to the extent of his wishes by the dread of infringing the rules of his order. He is hedged in by the line of that circle in which he is inclosed. But as far as he dare over-step the prescribed limit, he will; and, by the softening down of the rigidity of his sect, and some faint variations in dress from its stricter observances, you shall detect the fop at heart. All the artificial restrictions in the world will not entirely suppress the natural bias of the mind. Faint indications of rebellion will occasionally peep out; and neither precept nor example can so completely smother the intuitive operations of the soul, those inward longings for emancipation, which evince themselves wherever there is a restraint on the will, and wherever the individual feels that his lot is so cast in society as to be at variance with his inclination.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

The difficulties lately existing with regard to the *Minerva* are all adjusted. Henceforth all subscriptions will be sent, and all payments made, as usual, to the publishers,

BLISS & WHITE, 128 Broadway.

No. 6. Vol. III. of *New Series* of the *MINERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Legend of Bottle Hill, Antonio and Ginevra.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Crossing the Alps.* No. I.

THE DRAMA.—*Taming of the Shrew.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Dr. Tilloch.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Poets of China.*

THE GRACES.—*Female Tenderness.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Actors and Actresses.*

POETRY.—Original; and selected.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

A specimen of cotton of a peculiar kind which grows on a tree in Colombia, has been received at Savannah. The Indians work it into shawls, &c. and a quantity has been sent to France for the purpose of ascertaining whether it cannot be incorporated in the manufacture of silk goods.

Soaking seed corn in copperas water for 24 hours, accelerates vegetation, and preserves the plant from destruction by worms. An ounce of copperas is allowed to every quart of seed.

In a tract of country in North Carolina, gold is said to be found on almost every square mile. About \$6000 worth had been sold in Salisbury, since the month of January.

Three hundred thousand herrings are said to have been lately taken at a single haul.

The mode of paving streets on the plan of Mr. McAdams now adopted in London, has been tried on a small scale at Charleston, S. C. and a committee appointed by the City Council for the purpose of inquiring into the expediency of laying out the street on the same principle.

Two sea monsters were seen on the 27th ult. about four leagues off Cape Cod, apparently 40 feet long, with heads resembling horses, and bodies of the colour of whales, and flat tails extending about 8 feet in the water. Their heads appeared full of branches like barnacles.

DIED,

Mr. John Thompson, aged 42 years.

Mrs. Mary Clyde, aged 45 years.

Mr. Amos Green, 46 years.

Mr. Julius Mairet, aged 25 years.

Gabriel V. Ludlow,

Mrs. Ann Maria Wynkoop.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

GRATITUDE.

If in the human heart there dwells
One particle of Heaven,
'Tis that that heaves and throbs, and swells,
Bursts forth in tears, and even,
Transports the soul—when man to man,
Becomes the good Samaritan.

I saw a man downcast and pale,
In sorrow wrapt and grief;
In vain he told his woful tale,
In vain he sought relief:
His were no common woes; nor yet,
The ills that faults or crime beget.

His were the writhings of a soul,
Transfix'd by shafts of fate;
Those mental ills, beyond control,
The world's misfortune's hate!
A stranger heard his tale of grief,
Poured in the balm, and gave relief.

I've heard the tale affection tells;
Seen friendship's warmest glow;
Felt all the passion that impels
The heart to overflow;
Heard grateful minds their thoughts express,
In all the forms of thankfulness;
But his were holy ecstasies,
Pious and pure; and even,
Arose like incense to the skies,
An offering meet for Heaven:
Methinks the stranger's name, with care,
They love to be recorded there.

Baltimore.

PYTHIAS.

JULIA.

To the graves were sleep the dead,
Hapless Julia took her way;
Sighs to heave, and tears to shed,
O'er the spot were Damon lay.
Many a blooming flow'r she bore,
O'er the green grass turf to throw;
And, while fast her tears did pour,
Thus she sang to soothe her wo:—

"Lighted by the moon's pale shine,
See me, to thy mem'ry true;
Lowly bending at thy shrine,
Many a votive flower to strew:
But how little do these flow'rs
Prove my love and constancy!
Yet a few sad fleeting hours,
And, dear youth, I'll follow thee.

"Rose, replete with scent and hue,
Sweetest flow'r that Nature blows
Damon flourished once like you,
Now o'er him the green grass grows.
Rose, go deck his hallowed grave,
Lily, o'er the green turf twine;
Honour meet that turf should have
Beauty's bed and virtue's shrine.

"Primrose pale, and violet blue,
Jasmine sweet, and eglantine,
Nightly here thy sweets I strew,
Proud to deck my true love's shrine.
Like you, my Damon bloom'd a day;
He did die, and so must you;
But, such charms can you display?
Half so virtuous, half so true?

"No, sweet flow'rets, no such charms,
No such virtues can you boast;
Yet he's torn from my fond arms;
Yet my faithful love is crost.
But a radiant morn shall rise,
(Loit'ring moments, faster flow!)
When with him I'll tread the skies,
Smile at Death, and laugh at wo."

Thus she sung, and strew'd the flow'r,
Beat her breast, and wept and sighed;
And, when toll'd the midnight hour,
On the green turf grave she died.
Many a nightingale forlorn
Sung her knell, while breezes sighed;
Haughty grandeur heard with scorn,
How so poor a maiden died.

BRIDAL SONG.

Away with thy bride, with our daughter away,
From the home of her infant protection,
Where she grew like a flower by the sunshine of May.
In the eye of her parent's affection;
Where the lisp of her love came like music at night
To the pillowing bosom that fed her;
And the smile of her joy rose like summer-tide light
On the heart of the father that led her.

Away with thy bride, with our daughter away,
With thy prospects of pleasure before thee;
And, oh! may she shine like an even-tide ray,
Through the shadows of grief that come o'er thee:
And, oh! may the journey of thee and thy wife
Be like that of her father and mother.
Who now, at the close of this wearisome life,
Have the beautiful hopes of another.

A KISS.

From rose-buds yet unblown, whose vernal morn
Perfumes the gale unconscious of a thorn,
The purest purple take—and steal from May,
The pearls that gem the lawn—whence springs the day
Crop the young violet from her scented bed,
And spoil the primrose of its velvet head;
With love's own odours charg'd and steep'd in joy,
The honied labours of the hive employ,
But search with care the aromatic work,
Lest danger in the sweet temptation lurk,
And mar the luscious toil; for shouldst thou leave
One sting behind, 'twould all thy hopes deceive,
Into the fragrant mass let zephyr's fling
The newest, earliest whisper of the spring;

The chirp of beauty's darling bird prepare,
And mix the murmurs of the turtle there;
Her smiles and graces Venus must infuse,
And thrice embalm the whole with cyprian dew.
Now tell me shepherd in what happy grove
Dwells this fair bird of hope—this plant of love?
On Laura's lips resides the nectar'd bliss,
And lover's mould the rapture to a kiss.

PITY'S TEAR.

Oh! visit not
My couch of dreamless sleep,
When even thou shalt be forgot
By this so faithful breast:
But let the stranger watch my silent rest,
With eyes that will not weep!

Oh! come not, maid!
I crave no sigh from thee,
E'en when the mouldering frame is laid
Beneath the cold dull grave:
For the yew shall moan, and the night-wind
rave,
A fitting dirge for me!

Weep not, dear love!
While grief were agony—
Wait, till the balm of time remove
The fever of the brain,
And sweet, though mournful, dreams alone
remain
Of me and misery!

Oh! then, sweet maid!
By twilight, linger near
The rustling trees whose green boughs shade
My lonely place of rest:
And hallow thou the turf that wraps my breast
With Pity's sacred tear!

STANZAS.

When Sol forgets to light the world,
And Cynthia hides her face;—
When ocean ne'er with storms is curl'd,
And torrents flow in peace;—
When brightest sparkling stars are gone,
And all is dark above thee;—
When day and midnight are as one,
Then I will cease to love thee,

When friendship casts its borrow'd name,
And acts a sincere part;—
When pain and pleasure are the same,
And pure is every heart;—
When fortune smiles on love and worth,
And time's at rest above thee;—
When join'd is falsehood unto truth,
Then I will cease to love thee.

But these are fancies of the brain,
That ne'er will realize;
Then calm that fond inquiring pain,
And still those jealous sighs.
For, Emma! while I've life and breath,
I swear by all above thee,
From now until I meet with death,
I ne'er will cease to love thee!

EPIGRAMS.

[Two Irishmen were about to fight a duel, when one of them spoke openly of wife and family as to be considered, and the other was equally concerned for the delicate state of a daughter's health. The then Solicitor-General of Ireland honoured them with these lines:—]

The heroes of Erin, unconscious of slaughter,
Improve on the Jewish command;
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter
That their days may be long in the land.

A WARM RECEPTION.

Rusticus wrote a letter to his love,
And fill'd it full of warm and keen desire;
He hoped to *raise a flame*; and so he did—
The lady put his nonsense *in the fire*.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Nature.

PUZZLE II.—Goose-berry.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

In malice I constantly abound,
Yet never am in spite
In every space I may be found,
Yet always out of sight.

If through all the globe you range,
You never me will find;
In earth I'm seen—(it may seem strange)
By all that are not blind.

In vain your wit you rummage through,
There, me you'll never gain;
Though with your mind I've nought to do,
I'm always in your brain.

Now, let me tell you—in your search,
You'll find me soon with care;
Should patience leave you in the lurch,
I'll join you in despair.

II.

Why is snow like lightning?

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